

His Ivory Maiden

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Category: Hamtaro

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2007-01-04 23:52:25

Updated: 2007-01-04 23:52:25

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:25:03

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,419

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Hamtaro learns that sculpting can take you to many wonderful places...

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Ahhâ€¦to say that this is a spur of a moment thing is the understatement of the century. I just (literally) decided to write this, and hopefully, you'll enjoy this sweet little oneshot.

By the way, tell me if any of you recognize this plot from somewhere.

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><p><span><strong>His Ivory Maiden<strong>

\*\*CN\*\*

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>Hamtaro couldn't help but hate women. He just could not stand them, and he found nothing in the world more ridiculously idiotic than the fairer sex.<p><p>

Constantly admiring themselves, prodding themselves for other men to see, treating themselves like objects that were merely there to look "pretty". It was as if they \_chose\_ not to be something; they \_chose\_ to be a dancer, a concubine, whatever, as long as it promised them a life of luxury and riches. He had no choice but to hold his head high in disgust.

How fickle these creatures called women were.

And because of his views, he had decided that he would never marry. Indeed, he would choose a life of bachelorism over ever devoting himself to something as shallow and absentminded as a woman.

Alone, even lonely, anything was better than \_them\_.

Meanwhile, Hamtaro's father was a master sculptor, and he expected Hamtaro to continue the craft. Therefore, when Hamtaro was sixteen, he was given a massive block of ivory much taller than himself, which his father told him to sculpt.

"What shall I sculpt?" He asked his father, sounding rather bored.

"When you start, the vision will come to you like it does to any true sculptor." Was all the reply he received.

Hamtaro stared at the block for days, wondering what sort of statue would he like the best. He decided that he would figure it out \_after\_ he started to chisel away the block.

And so, as Hamtaro was making his first groove in the massive ivory block, a vision came to him. The vision, so unbelievable to him at first, was one he followed. He sculpted nearly all day and all night, chiseling and chiseling, trying his best to remove any imperfection he might have seen, and he continued this routine for one full year, and eventually, he realized that he had been carving a statue of a girl.

Indeed, the seventeen year old boy realized, he had carved a girl. Not just \_any\_ girl, though. He had carved the face of the girl he wanted to marry, the girl who only existed in his dreams. The woman who wanted to be more than just a pretty face; the one who Hamtaro talked about politics and music and dancing and literature and poetry with.

But that's all she would ever be, a dream.

Nevertheless, Hamtaro realized that despite the fact that she was inanimate, she still could be treated as a living girl. Around her he built a gazebo out of the finest wood available to shield her from the elements.

But protecting the statue wasn't enough for Hamtaro. He knew that if she was alive, she would be a girl who would crave knowledge and want to continuously learn. That is why, yet again, she was the girl of his dreams.

And that is why everyday Hamtaro would come to her gazebo and to her he would speak of topics, varying from philosophy to dramas, from sculpting to geography, from the stars in the sky to the blades of the grass all around him. For hours at a time he would sit there and tell the statue whatever was on his mind and share all his opinions with her.

Eventually, Hamtaro realized that if the statue was a real girl, she would still want the small, trivial things that seemed to entice girls. The next morning, Hamtaro went to the marketplace and bought several accessories for the statue. One of those objects happened to be a necklace, and although Hamtaro wanted to smack himself at the thought, he couldn't help but obsess over whether or not she liked the necklace. He would buy her perfumes and scents and apply them to her ivory figure, often wondering which one she would like best. He

would place bangles around her wrist and silk dresses around her body (but he finally decided that he preferred the stone dress he had sculpted around her in comparison to the dresses he had bought from the market).

Another year passed by and by now, Hamtaro had to face the truth. Sometimes, to avoid the truth, he would try and keep away from the statue and her wooden gazebo, but he found he couldn't. Something about this girl was so alluring that he was not able to stay away.

One rainy spring afternoon, as the eighteen year old boy leaned against the doorway to the statue's gazebo, he looked at her and felt water on his face that had nothing to do with the weather.

She was the girl in his dreams and had only ever, despite how much Hamtaro wanted otherwise, existed there, and she would only ever exist there.

Hamtaro fell on his knees before the pedestal on which the statue stood. Only ever in his dreams. There was no girl like her anywhere else and this perhaps is what depressed him the most as the horrid realization kept sinking in. He clutched his chest for he felt an odd twisting there that he had never ever experienced.

He, the boy who claimed he would be an unloving bachelor forever, had fallen in love. It was crazy (She was a statue, after all!), and it was absolutely mind-blowing, but most of all, Hamtaro realized as he caressed her arm and she remained absolutely still, it was heartbreaking. She would never, could never, ever return his feelings.

But Aphrodite, the alabaster-colored goddess, was not just going to sit around. Indeed, the goddess of love was rather intrigued by the love-stricken Hamtaro and his dilemma, for she loved those who loved, and this unique case was no exception.

If the physical pain wasn't great enough, the one thing that was even more unnerving was how, no matter how hard he desperately tried, he couldn't stay away from her. He could not imagine another woman for him besides her, nor did he want one. He loved the one thing that he could just never have and never, ever leave alone. It was a curse within a blessing.

A few months passed, and Hamtaro was visiting the festival of Aphrodite. Before her golden sculpture, he placed three bushels of myrtle, the plant he knew Aphrodite favored. He kneeled before the massive statue of the goddess and prayed, but not for the gods to bring his ivory maiden to life. No, that was much too daring. Instead, he prayed for a girl "Just like her."

After he was finished praying, the giant torch that hung above the goddess's statue erupted into flames three times, each flame eruption being larger than the other. Hamtaro took this as a sign that his prayers would be answered.

When he returned from the festival, Hamtaro returned home and found his mother worried. She asked him to come to town with him for she had met a few families and their "sweet", "loving", "beautiful" and above all "obedient" daughters, and as much as Hamtaro didn't want

to, he agreed. He knew that marrying another woman was the only way to rid him of the tie that bound him to that ivory statue. Hopefully, one of these girls would be the one that reminded him of his precious ivory maiden.

After he agreed to go with his mother to town the next day, he went out to the garden and approached the statue. He looked at her once again. The necklace and bangles he had put on her still remained in place and she still smelt of the perfumes and scents that he had rubbed all over her white figure.

What he wanted to say was goodbye, but there were no words coming from his mouth. He wanted to tell her that he just could not see her, but that was something he tried yet always failed.

What could he do to give him closure from the tempting ivory girl?

He bit his lip, thinking of something that he had never done before yet knew would satisfy him (enough, at least) to go off and find someone else. He jumped onto her stone pedestal and placed one of his hands around her static hair. The other hand he used to grab one of the statue's wrists, and he kissed her.

It was a cold kiss at first, yet the longer he kissed her, the more he felt warmth being returned to his lips. Hamtaro pulled away, wondering if it was all an illusion.

But then, he felt her hand under his hand, growing warm, feeling like wax melting, better yet "softening, at his touch. He felt her stone dress turn to a smooth, warm fabric under his own robes. He felt the tendrils of her hair becoming velvety and silky under the palm of his hand. Against his own body he sensed the suppleness and tenderness of her body. He could not and did not believe it at first.

He stood amazed, so very afraid of being mistaken, and his joy fought with the doubt in his mind. He once again stroked the object of his affections on her face, and a sense of elation immediately awoke in his body: it was indeed a human body! He could feel the veins pulsing in her hands as he grabbed them.

He spun her and jumped off the pedestal and kissed her again, and when he pulled away, he saw her timid eyes rising to him, a soft blush gracing her face and seeing the face of the one who loved her so dearly for the first time.

She had so many questions for him about all the topics that he had discussed with her. She wanted him to tell her about traveling, about poetry and music and art and books and everything he had ever discussed with her. Of course, Hamtaro answered all he could to the best of his ability (although he often interrupted her by touching her hand, running his fingers through her hair or stroking the lines of her face). She seemed to remember it, meaning all the information Hamtaro had told her while she was a statue, all.

After she had asked everything that she could come up with she looked at herself. She still had white hair, as if an everlasting reminder to the fact that she came from ivory. She stared at the necklaces and bangles she wore and asked, "What is this?"

"Silver," Hamtaro answered. "A type of metal." The girl nodded. He had told her about metals.

"And this?" She asked, pointing to the large emerald that was welded into the middle of the necklace.

"A jewel, emerald specifically." Hamtaro noticed how the green of the emerald seemed to reflect the hue of her eyes perfectly. "It suits you well!" Hamtaro trailed off, realizing that the girl had no name. When he told her this, the girl nodded her head.

"If you created me then surely you have the right to name me."

Hamtaro thought. Whenever he looked at her, the thing that drew him in was the depth of her eyes. They were like giant emeralds, so maybe name her after that. No! emerald didn't seem to fit for some reason. He thought again, perhaps jewel? He felt he was on the right track but jewel still did not do her justice.

"Bijou!" He said suddenly, remembering a foreign word for jewel he had once learned when he bought the necklaces for her. The girl seemed to like this name for she smiled and sent a sensation down Hamtaro's spine that he could not describe.

Her thirst for knowledge was incredible, and this, perhaps made Hamtaro love her even more.

He walked with her all night throughout his garden, and he lay with her and watched the stars. She had never seen so many lights, and once again she asked more questions than Hamtaro could answer. When she finally calmed down, they watched the night sky in peace when Hamtaro turned to her.

"I have a question for you." The girl, Bijou, looked at him curiously and waited for him to speak again. "Will you marry me?"

He asked her to marry him, and at first Bijou paused. Hamtaro sat up and looked at the girl, lying flat on her back and wondering something deeply. His body tensed. If it was taking this long for the answer, then she must have wanted to say 'no'.

"I!" she hesitated and sat up, looking very upset. "I don't know what that means."

Hamtaro sighed and laughed softly. He explained to her what it meant to be married, and when he was finished, Bijou looked at him with pink brushed across her face. She nodded her head quickly and added that she would want nothing more than to be his.

They were married when Hamtaro turned nineteen, and Aphrodite herself came to the ceremony (she believed that she was the true matchmaker between the two) and blessed the couple.

Hamtaro's parents could not have been more joyful. Their son had found a bride that he could not possibly be happier with and he finally wanted to settle down.

The rest of the village was in awe. Hamtaro, the self-proclaimed eternal bachelor, was getting married and couldn't be more in love.

And as for his bride, everyone wanted to know where Hamtaro had found such a lovely bride who seemed so happy she, and especially her newlywed husband, looked as though they were living a dream.

And honestly, they were.

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>Whoo! That took a little while, but since the idea just hit me an hour ago, I had to write this and get it up.<p><p>

I'm not exactly sure where someone would get a massive block of ivory, but that's not exactly a crucial detail.

And for those of you who think they know where this plot is from, it's from the Greek myth of Pygmalion and Galatea. (Sigh) I love that story, and hopefully, you guys liked this story.

Please review! This is my first ever story based after a myth.

-CN

End  
file.